Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Dowg. Thats the worſt tydinges, that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my fayth, that beares a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the Kinges whole Battell reach vnto?
Ver. To thirtie thouſand.
Hot. Fourtie let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.
Dowg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardoll.

Falſ. *Bardoll*, get thee before to *Conentry*, fill mee a bottle of Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.
Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?
Falſ. Lay out, lay out.
Bar. This Bottle makes an Angell.
Falſ. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all I'le anſwere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me a Townes end.
Bar. I will Captaine: farewell, *Exit.*
Falſ. If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I haue miſuſed the Kinges Preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. & odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been askt twice on the Banes; ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leiue heare the Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I, preſt me none but ſuch Toſts and Butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruiſes: and

now